

A
CYPRESS GROVE:
OR,
PHILOSOPHICAL REFLECTIONS
AGAINST
THE FEAR OF DEATH.

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A NEW EDITION CORRECTED.

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A

CYPRESS GROVE:

OR,

PHILOSOPHICAL REFLECTIONS

AGAINST

THE FEAR OF DEATH.

THOUGH it hath been doubted, if there be in the soul such imperious and super-excellent power, as that it can, by the vehement and earnest working of it, deliver knowlege to another without bodily organs, and by the only conceptions and ideas

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of it, produce real effects; yet it hath been ever, and of all, held as infallible and most certain, that it often (either by outward inspiration, or some secret motion in itself) is augur of it's own misfortunes, and hath shadows of approaching dangers presented unto it before they fall forth. Hence so many strange apparitions and signs, true visions, uncouth heaviness, and causeless uncomfortable languishings, of which to seek a reason, unless from the sparkling of God in the soul, or from the God-like sparkles of the soul, were to make reason unreasonable, by reasoning of things transcending her reach.

Having often and diverse times,

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when I had given myself to rest in the quiet solitariness of the night, found my imagination troubled with a confused fear, or sorrow or horror, which, interrupting sleep, did astonish my senses, and rouse me all appalled, and transported in a sudden agony and amazedness: of such an unaccustomed perturbation, not knowing, nor being able to dive into, any apparent cause, carried away with the stream of my then doubting thoughts, I began to ascribe it to that secret fore-knowlege and presaging power of the prophetic mind, and to interpret such an agony to be to the spirit, as a sudden faintness and universal weariness

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neis useth to be to the body, a sign of following sickness; or as winter-lightenings, earthquakes, and monsters, are to common-wealths and great cities, harbingers of wretched events, and emblems of their sudden destinies.

Hereupon, not thinking it strange, if whatsoever is human should befall me, knowing how providence overcomes grief, and discountenances crosses; and that, as we should not despair in evils which may happen to us, we should not be too confident, nor lean much to those goods we enjoy; I began to turn over in my remembrance all that could afflict miserable mortality, and to fore-cast every thing

which could beget gloomy and sad apprehensions, and with a mask of horror shew itself to human eyes: till in the end, as by unities and points, mathematicians are brought to great numbers, and huge greatness, after many fantastical glances of the woes of mankind, and those incumbrances which follow upon life, I was brought to think, and with amazement, on the last of human terrors, or, as one termed it, the last of all dreadful and terrible evils, death.

For to easy censure it would appear, that the soul, if it can foresee that divorcement which it is to have from the body, should not without great reason be thus over-

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grieved, and plunged in inconsolable and unaccustomed sorrow : considering their near union, long familiarity and love, with the great change, pain, and ugliness, which are apprehended to be the inseparable attendants of death.

They had their being together ; parts they are of one reasonable creature ; the harming of the one is the weakning of the working of the other. What sweet contentments doth the soul enjoy by the senses ! They are the gates and windows of its knowlege, the organs of its delight. If it be tedious to an excellent player on the lute, to abide but a few months the want of one, how much more

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the being without such noble tools
and engines be painful to the soul!
And if two pilgrims, which have
wandered some few miles together,
have a hearts-grief when they are
near to part, what must the sor-
row be, at parting of two so lov-
ing friends and never-lothing lov-
ers, as are the body and soul!

Death is the violent estranger of
acquaintance, the eternal divorcer
of marriage, the ravisher of the
children from the parents, the stea-
ler of parents from their children,
the interrer of fame, the sole
cause of forgetfulness, by which
the living talk of those gone away
as of so many shadows, or age-
worn stories: all strength by it is

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enfeebled, beauty turned into deformity and rottenness, honour into contempt, glory into baseness. It is the reasonless breaker-off of all actions, by which we enjoy no more the sweet pleasures of earth, nor contemplate the stately revolutions of the heavens. The sun perpetually setteth, stars never rise unto us. It, in one moment, robbeth us of what with so great toil and care in many years we have heaped together: by this are successions of linages cut short, kingdoms left heirless, and greatest states orphaned: it is not overcome by pride, soothed by flattery, tamed by intreaties, bribed by benefits, softened by lamentations,

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nor diverted by time. Wisdom, save this, can prevent and help every thing. By death we are exiled from this fair city of the world; it is no more a world unto us, nor we any more a people unto it. The ruins of fanes, palaces, and magnificent frames, yield a sad prospect to the soul; and how should it without horror view the wrack of such a wonderful master-piece as is the body!

That death naturally is terrible, and to be abhorred, it cannot well and altogether be denied, it being a privation of life, and a not-being, and every privation being abhorred of nature, and evil in itself, the fear of it too being ingenerated

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universally in all creatures : yet I have often thought that even naturally, to a mind by nature only resolved and prepared, it is more terrible in conceit than in verity ; and at the first glance, than when well pryed into ; and that rather by the weakness of our fantasy, than by what is in it ; and that the marble colours of obsequies, weeping, and funeral pomp (which we ourselves paint it with) did add much more ghastliness unto it, than otherwise it hath. To answer which conclusion, when I had gathered my wandering thoughts, I began thus with myself

/ If on the great theatre of this earth, amongst the numberless

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number of men, to die were only proper to thee and thine, then undoubtedly thou hadst reason to repine at so severe and partial a law: but since it is a necessity, from which never any age by-past hath been exempted, and unto which they which be, and so many as are to come, are thrall'd, (no consequent of life being more common and familiar) why shouldst thou, with unprofitable and nought-availing stubbornness, oppose so inevitable and necessary a condition? This is the high way of mortality, and our general home: behold what millions have trod it before thee! what multitudes shall after thee, with them which at that

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same instant run. In so universal a calamity (if death be one) private complaints cannot be heard; with so many royal palaces, it is no loss to see thy poor cabin burn. Shall the heavens stay their ever-rolling wheels, (for what is the motion of them, but the motion of a swift and ever-whirling wheel, which twineth forth, and again uprolleth our life) and hold still time to prolong thy miserable days, as if the highest of their working were to do homage unto thee? Thy death is apace of the order of this *all*, a part of the life of this world; for while the world is the world, some creatures must die, and others take life. Eternal things are raised far

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above this sphere of generation and corruption, where the first matter, like an ever-flowing and ebbing sea, with divers waves, but the same water, keepeth a restless and never tiring current; what is below, in the universality of the kind, not in itself, doth abide: man a long line of years hath continued, this man every hundred is swept away. This globe, environed with air, is the sole region of death, the grave, where every thing that taketh life must rot, the stage of fortune and change, only glorious in the inconstancy and varying alterations of it, which, though many, seem yet to abide one, and being a certain entire one, are ever ma-

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ny. The never agreeing bodies of the elemental brethren turn one into another ; the earth changeth her countenance with the seasons, sometimes looking cold and naked, other times hot and flowery : nay, I cannot tell how, but even the lowest of those celestial bodies, that mother of months, and empress of seas and moisture, as if she were a mirrour of our constant mutability, appeareth (by her too great nearness unto us) to participate of our changes, never seeing us twice with that same face ; now looking black, then pale and wan ; sometimes again in the perfection and fulness of her beauty shining
over

over us. Death, no less than life, doth here act a part; the taking away of what is old being the making way for what is young. This earth is as a table-book, and men are the notes; the first are washen out, that new may be written in. They, who fore-went us, did leave a room for us; and should we grieve to do the same to those who should come after us? Who, being suffered to see the exquisite rarities of an antiquary's cabinet, is grieved that the curtain be drawn, and to give place to new pilgrims? And when the lord of this universe hath shewed us the amazing wonders of his various frame, should we take it to heart, when he think-

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eth time, to dislodge? This is his unalterable and inevitable decree: as we had no part of our will in our entrance into this life, we should not presume to any in our leaving it, but soberly learn to will that which he wills, whose very will giveth being to all that it wills; and reverencing the orderer, not repine at the order and laws, which all-where and always are so perfectly established, that who would essay to correct and amend any of them, he should either make them worse, or desire things beyond the level of possibility. All that is necessary and convenient for us, he hath bestowed upon us, and freely granted; and what he

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hath not bestowed nor granted us,
neither is it necessary nor convenient that we should have it.

If thou dost complain, that there shall be a time in which thou shalt not be; why dost thou not also grieve, that there was a time in which thou was not; and so that thou art not as old as that enlivening planet of time? For not to have been a thousand years before this moment, is as much to be deplored, as not to live a thousand after it, the effect of them both being one; that will be after us, which, long before we were, was. Our children's children have that same reason to murmur, that they were not young men in our days,

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which we have to complain, that we shall not be old in theirs. The violets have their time, though they impurple not the winter, and the roses keep their season, though they disclose not their beauty in the spring.

Empires, states, and kingdoms, have, by the doom of the supreme providence, their fatal periods; great cities ly sadly buried in their dust; arts and sciences have not only their eclipses, but their weanings and deaths. The ghastly wonders of the world, raised by the ambition of ages, are overthrown and trampled: some lights above, not idly intituled stars, are lost, and never more seen of us: the ex-

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cellent fabric of this universe it self shall one day suffer ruin, or a change like a ruin; and should poor earthlings thus to be handled complain?

But is this life so great a good, that the loss of it should be so dear unto man? If it be, the meanest creatures of nature thus are happy; for they live no less than he. If it be so great a felicity, how is it esteemed of man himself at so small a rate, that for so poor gains, nay one disgraceful word, he will not stand to lose it? What excellency is there in it, for which he should desire it perpetual, and repine to be at rest, and return to his old grand-mother dust? Of

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what moment are the labours and actions of it, that the interruption and leaving off of them should be to him so distasteful, with such grudging lamentations received?

Is not the entering into life, weakness? the continuing, sorrow? In the one, he is exposed to all the injuries of the elements, and like a condemned trespasser (as if it were a fault to come to the light) no sooner born than manacled and bound; in the other, he is restlessly, like to a ball, tossed in the tennis court of this world; when he is in the brightest meridian of his glory, there needeth nothing to destroy him, but to let him fall his own height; a reflex of the sun,

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a blast of wind, nay the glance of an eye, is sufficient to undo him: how can that be any great matter, which so small instruments and slender actions are masters of?

His body is but a mass of discording humours, composed and elemented by the conspiring influences of superior lights, which, though agreeing for a trace of time, yet can never be made uniform, and kept in a just proportion. To what sickness is it subject unto, beyond those of the other sensible creatures; no part of it being which is not particularly infected and afflicted by some one; nay every part with many; yea so many, that the masters of that art can

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scarce number or name them : so that the life of divers of the meanest creatures of nature hath, with great reason, by the most wise, been preferred to the natural life of man : and we should rather wonder, how so frail a matter should so long endure, than how so soon dissolve and decay.

Are the actions of the most part of men, much differing from the exercise of the spider ; that pitcheth toils, and is tapist, to prey on the smaller creatures, and for the weaving of a scornful web eviscerateth itself many days ; which when with much industry finished, a little puff of wind carrieth away both the work and the work-

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er? or, are they not like the plays of children? or (to hold them at their highest rate) as is a may-game, or, what is more earnest, some study at chess? Every day we rise and lie down, apparel and disapparel ourselves, weary our bodies and refresh them, which is a circle of idle travels and labours (like Penelope's task) unprofitably renewed. Some time we are in a chase after a fading beauty; now we seek to enlarge our bounds, increase our treasure, feeding poorly, to purchase what we must leave to those we never saw, or (happily) to a fool, or a prodigal heir. Raised with the wind of ambition, we court that idle name

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of honour, not considering how they, who are mounted aloft in the highest ascendant of earthly glory, are but like tortured ghosts, wandering with golden fetters in glistering prisons, having fear and danger their unseparable executioners, in the midst of multitudes rather guarded than regarded. They, whom opaque imaginations and inward melancholy have made weary of the world, though they have withdrawn themselves from the course of vulgar affairs, by vain contemplations, and curious searches, are more disquieted, and live a life worse than others; their wit being too sharp to give them a taste of their present infelicity, and

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to increase their woes; while they of a more shallow and simple conceit, have want of knowlege, and ignorance of themselves, for a remedy and antidote against all the calamities of life.

What chameleon, what Euri-
ripe, what rainbow, what moon,
doth change so often as man? He
seemeth not the same person in
one and the same day; what pleas-
eth him in the morning is, in
the evening, unto him distastful.
Young, he scorns his childish con-
ceits, and wading deeper in years
(for years are a sea, into which he
wadeth until he drown) he e-
steemeth his youth inconstancy,
rashness and folly: old, he begins

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to pity himself, complaining, because he is changed, that the world is changed; like those in a ship, when they launch from the shore, are brought to think the shore doth fly from them. He hath no sooner acquired what he did desire, but he beginneth to enter into new cares, and desire what he shall never be able to acquire. When he is freed of evil in his own estate, he grudges and vexes himself at the happiness and fortunes of others; he is pressed with care for what is present, and with sorrow for what is past, with fear for what is to come, nay, for what will never come: as in the eye, one tear forceth out ano-

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ther, so makes he one sorrow follow upon a former, and every day lay up stuff of grief for the next.

The air, the sea, the fire, the beasts, are cruel executioners of man ; yet beasts, fire, sea and air, are pitiful to man in comparison of man : for more men are destroyed by men than by them all. What scorns, wrongs, contumelies, imprisonments, torments and poisons, receiveth man of man ? what engines and new works of death are daily found out by man against man ? What laws to thral his liberty ? fancies and bugbears to infatuate and inveigle his reason ? Amongst the beasts, is there

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any that hath so servile a lot in another's behalf as man? yet neither is content, nor he who reigneth, nor he who serveth.

The half of our life is spent in sleep, which hath such a resemblance to death, that often it separates, as it were, the soul from the body, and teacheth it a sort of being above it, making it soar beyond the sphere of sensual delights, and attain knowlege, unto which, while the body did awake, it could scarce aspire. And who would not, rather than abide chained in this lothsome galley of the world, sleep ever, (that is, die,) having all things at one stay; and be free from those vexations, disa-

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sters, contempts, indignities, and many many anguishes, unto which this life is invassaled and subdued? And, if well looked unto, our greatest contentment and happiness here seemeth rather to consist in the being released from misery, than in the enjoying of any great good.

What have the most eminent of mortals to glory in? is it greatness? who can be great on so small a round as is this earth, and bounded with so short a course of time? How like is that to castles or imaginary cities raised in the sky by chance-meeting clouds? or to giants modelled (for a sport) of snow, which at the hotter looks

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of the sun melt away, and ly
drowned in their own moisture?
Such an impetuous vicissitude
towseth the estates of this world.
Is it knowlege? But we have
not yet attained to a perfect under-
standing of the smallest flower,
and why the grass should rather
be green than red. The element
of fire is quite put out; the air is
but water rarified; the earth mov-
eth, and is no more the centre of
the universe, and is turned into a
magnet; stars are not fixed, but
swim in the ethereal spaces; com-
ets are mounted above the planets.
Some affirm there is another world
of men and creatures, with cities
and towns, in the moon; the sun
is

is lost, for it is but a light made of the conjunction of many shining bodies together, a cleft in the lower heavens, through which the light of the highest shines. Thus sciences, by the diverse motions of this globe of the brain of man, are become opinions, nay errors, and leave the imagination in a thousand labyrinths. What is all we know, compared with what we know not? We have not yet agreed about the chief good and felicity. Is it, perhaps, artificial cunning? How many curiosities are framed by the least creatures of nature, unto which the industry of the most curious artizans doth not attain! Is it riches? What are

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they, but the idols of fools, the casting out of friends, the snares of liberty, bands to such as have them, possessing rather, than possesse; metals which nature hath hid (foreseeing the great harm they should occasion) and the only opinion of man hath brought in estimation? Like thorns, which, laid on an open hand, may be blown away, and on a closing and hard gripping, wound it. Prodigals mispend them, wretches miskeep them: when we have gathered the greatest abundance, we ourselves can enjoy no more thereof, than so much as belongs to one man: they take not away want, but occasion it: what great and rich men do

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by others, the meaner sort do by themselves. Will some talk of our pleasures? It is not (though in the fable) told out of purpose, that pleasure in haste, being called up to heaven to disburden herself and become more light, did here forget her apparel, which sorrow thereafter finding (to deceive the world) attired herself with: and if we would say the truth of most of our joys, we must confess that they are but disguised sorrows; the drams of their honey are soured in pounds of gall; remorse ever ensueth them; nay in some they have no effect at all, if some weakening grief hath not preceded and forewent them. Will some

ladies vaunt of their beauty? That is but skin deep, of two senses only known, short even of marble statues and pictures, not the same to all eyes, dangerous to the beholder, and hurtful to the possessor, an enemy to chastity, a thing made to delight others, more than those which have it; a superficial varnish hiding bones and the brains, things fearful to be looked upon; growth in years doth blast it, or sickness, or sorrow preventing them. Our strength, matched with that of the unreasonable creatures, is but weakness: all that we can set our eyes on, in these intricate mazes of life, is but vain perspective and deceiving sha-

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dows, appearing far otherwise afar off, than when enjoyed and gazed upon at a near distance. O! who before he had a being, could he have knowlege of the manifold miseries of it, would enter this woful hospital of the world, and accept of life upon such hard conditions!

If death be good, why should it be feared? And if it be the work of nature, how should it not be good? For nature is an ordinance and rule, which God hath established in creating this universe (as is the law of a king) which cannot err. For how should the maker of that ordinance err, since in him there is no impotency and

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weakness, by which he might bring forth what is imperfect; no perverseness of will, of which might proceed any vicious action; no ignorance, by which he might go wrong in working! being most powerful, most good, most wise, nay, all-wise, all-good, all-powerful. He is the first orderer, that marshalleth every other order, the highest essence, giving essence to all other things; of all causes the cause; he worketh powerfully, bounteously, wisely, and maketh his artificial organ, nature, do the same. How is not death of nature? Since what is naturally generate, is subject to corruption, and such an harmony (which his

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life) rising from the mixture of the four elements, which are the ingredients of our bodies, cannot ever endure; the contrariety of their qualities (as a consuming rust in baser metals) being an inward cause of a necessary dissolution. Again, how is not death good? Since it is the thaw of all those vanities, which the frost of life bindeth together. If there be a satiety in life, then must there not be a sweetness in death? Man were an intolerable thing, were he not mortal: the earth were not ample enough to contain her off-spring, if none died; in two or three ages (without death) what an unpleasant and lamentable spectacle were the most

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flourishing cities? For what should there be to be seen in them, save bodies languishing and curbing again into the earthly pale, disfigured faces, skeletons instead of men? and what to be heard, but the exclamations of the young, complaints of the old, with the pitiful cries of sick and pining persons? There is almost no infirmity worse than age.

If there be any evil in death, it would appear to be that pain and torment, which we apprehend to arise from the breaking of those strait bonds which keep the soul and body together; which, since not without great struggling and motion, seems to prove itself ve-

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hement and most extreme. The senses are the only cause of pain; but before the last trances of death, they are so brought under, that they have no (or very little) strength, and their strength lessening, the strength of pain too must be lessened. How should we doubt, but the weakness of sense lesseneth pain, since we know, that weakened and maimed parts, which receive not nourishment, are a great deal less sensible, than the other parts of the body? and we see that old decrepit persons leave this world almost without pain, as in a sleep. If bodies of the most sound and wholesome constitution be these which most vehemently feel pain;

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it must then follow, that they of a distempered and crazy constitution have least feeling of pain: and by this reason, all weak and sick bodies should not much feel pain; for if they were not distempered and evil complexioned, they would not be sick. That the sight, hearing, taste, smelling, leave us without pain, and unawares, we are undoubtedly assured; and why should we not think the same of the feeling? That, by which we are capable of feeling, is the vital spirits, animated by the brain, which, in a man of perfect health, are spread and extended through the whole body; and hence is it that the whole body is capable of pain:

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but in dying bodies we see, that, by pauses and degrees, the parts, which are furthest removed from the heart, become cold, and being deprived of natural heat, all the pain which they feel, is that they do feel no pain. Now even as, before the sick are aware, the vital spirits have withdrawn themselves from the whole extension of the body, to succour the heart (like distressed citizens, which, finding their walls battered down, fly to the defence of their citadel) so do they abandon the heart without any sensible touch: as the flame, the oil failing, leaveth the wick, or as light the air which it doth invest. As to the shrinking

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motions, and convulsions of sinews and members, which appear to witness great pain, let one represent to himself the strings of a high tuned lute, which breaking, retire to their natural windings; or a piece of ice, that without any outward violence cracketh at a thaw: no otherwise do the sinews of the body, finding themselves slack and unbended from the brain, and their wonted labours and motions cease, struggle, and seem to stir themselves, but without either pain or sense. Swooning is a true portrait of death, or rather it is the same, being a cessation from all action, motion, and function of sense and life: but in swooning there is no pain, but a silent rest, and so deep

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and found a sleep, that the natural is nothing in comparison of it. What great pain then can there be in death, which is but a continued swooning, a sweet ignorance of cares, and a never again returning to the works and dolorous felicity of life? The wise and all-provident creator hath made death, by many signs of pain, appear terrible, to the effect, that if man, for relief of miseries and present evils, should have unto it recourse, it being apparently a worse, he should rather constantly endure what he knows, than have refuge unto that which he feareth, and knoweth not. The terrors of death seem the guardians of life.

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Now, although death were an extreme pain, since it is in an instant, what can it be? Why should we fear it? For while we are, it cometh not, and it being come we are no more. Nay, though it were most painful, long continuing, and ugly, why should we fear it? Since fear is a foolish passion, but where it may preserve: but it cannot preserve us from death; yea rather the fear of it, banishing the comforts of present contentments, makes death to advance and approach the more near unto us. That is ever terrible which is unknown: so do little children fear to go in the dark, and their fear is increased with tales.

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But that, perhaps, which anguisheth thee most, is to have this glorious pageant of the world removed from thee, in the spring and most delicious season of thy life; for though to die be usual, to die young may appear extraordinary. If the present fruition of these things be unprofitable and vain, what can a long continuance of them be! If God had made life happier, he had also made it longer. Stranger and new Halcyon! why would thou longer nestle amidst these unconstant and stormy waves! Hast thou not already suffered enough of this world, but thou must yet endure more! To live long, is it not to be long troubled? But num-

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ber thy years, which are now
and thou shalt find, that whereas
ten have outlived thee, thousands
have not attained this age. One
year is sufficient to behold all the
magnificence of nature, nay, even
one day and night ; for more is
but the same brought again. This
sun, that moon, these stars, the
varying dance of the spring, sum-
mer, autumn, winter, is that very
same which the golden age did see.
They, which have the longest time
lent them to live in, have almost
no part of it at all, measuring it
either by the space of time which
is past, when they were not, or by
that which is to come. Why
shouldst thou then care, whether

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thy days be many or few, which, when prolonged to the uttermost, prove, paralleled with eternity, as a tear is to the ocean? To die young, is to do that soon, and in some fewer days, which once thou must do; it is but the giving over of a game, that, after never so many hazards, must be lost. When thou hast lived to that age thou desirest, or one of Plato's years, so soon as the last of thy days riseth above thy horizon, thou wilt then, as now, demand longer respite, and expect more to come. The oldest are most unwilling to die. It is hope of long life that maketh life seem short. Who will behold, and with the eye of judgement behold, the

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many changes attending human affairs, with the after-claps of fortune, shall never lament to die young. Who knows what alterations and sudden disasters, in outward estate or inward contentments, in this wilderness of the world, might have befallen him who dieth young, if he had lived to be old? Heaven, fore-knowing imminent harms, taketh those which it loves to itself before they fall forth. Death in youth is like the leaving a superfluous feast before the drunken cups be presented. Pure, and (if we may so say) virgin souls carry their bodies with no small agonies, and delight not to remain long in the dregs of hu-

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man corruption, still burning with a desire to turn back to the place of their rest; for this world is their inn, and not their home. That, which may fall forth every hour, cannot fall out of time. Life is a journey in a dusty way; the furthest rest is death; in this some go more heavily burdened than others: swift and active pilgrims come to the end of it in the morning or at noon, which tortoise-paced wretches, clogged with the fragmentary rubbish of this world, scarce with great travel crawl unto at midnight. Days are not to be esteemed after the number of them, but after the goodness. More compass maketh not a sphere more

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complete, but as round is a little as a large ring; nor is that musician praise-worthy who hath longest played, but he in measured accents who hath made sweetest melody: to live long hath often been a let to live well. Muse not how many years thou mightest have enjoyed life, but how sooner thou mightest have losed it, neither grudge so much that it is no better, as comfort thyself that it hath been no worse. Let it suffice, that thou hast lived till this day, and (after the course of this world) not for nought thou hast had some smiles of fortune, favours of the worthiest, some friends, and thou hast never been disfavoured of heaven.

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Though not for life itself, yet
that to after-worlds thou mightest
leave some monument that once
thou wast, happily in the clear
light of reason, it would appear
that life were earnestly to be desired:
for, since it is denied us to
live ever, said one, let us leave some
worthy remembrance of our once
here-being, and draw out this
span of life to the greatest length,
and so far as is possible. O poor
ambition! To what, I pray thee,
mayest thou concredit it? Arches
and stately temples, which one age
doth raise, doth not another raze?
Tombs and adapted pillars ly buried
with those which were in

them buried : hath not avarice defaced, what religion did make glorious? All that the hand of man can up-rear, is either overturned by the hand of man, or at length, by standing and continuing, consumed ; as if there were a secret opposition in fate, the inevitable decree of the eternal, to control our industry, and countercheck all our devices and proposals. Possessions are not enduring, children lose their names, glorying, like marigolds in the sun, on the highest top of wealth and honour (no better than they which are not yet born) leaving off to be ; so doth heaven confound what we endeavour by labour and art to distin-

guish. That renown by papers, which is thought to make men immortal, and which nearest doth approach the life of these eternal bodies above, how slender it is, the very word of paper doth import: and what is it when obtained, but a multitude of words, which future times may scorn! How many millions never hear the names of the most famous writers! and amongst them to whom they are known, how few turn over their pages! and of such as do, how many sport at their conceits, taking the verity for a fable, and oft a fable for verity; or (as we do pleasants) use all for recreation! Then the arising of more famous doth

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darken and turn ignoble the glory of the former, being held as garments worn out of fashion. Now, when thou hast attained what praise thou couldst desire, and thy fame is emblazoned in many stories, never after to be shadowed or worn out, it is but an echo, a mere sound, a glow-worm, which, seen afar, casteth some cold beams, but approached, is found nothing; an imaginary happiness, whose good depends on the opinion of others. Desert and virtue for the most part want monuments and memory, and seldom are recorded in the volumes of admiration; they are often branded with infamy, while statues and trophies are e-

C

A CYPRESS GROVE. 57

rected to those, whose names should have been buried in their dust, and folded up in the darkest clouds of oblivion. So do the rank weeds in this garden of the world choak and over-run the sweetest flowers. Applause, whilst thou livest, serveth but to make thee that fair mark, against which envy and malice direct their arrows. And, when thou art wounded, all eyes are turned towards thee (like the sun which is most gazed on in an eclipse) not for pity or praise, but detraction. At best it is like that Syracusan's sphere of chrystal, as frail as fair : and being born after thy death, it may as well be ascribed to some of those were

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in the Trojan horse, or to such as are yet to be born an hundred years hereafter, as to thee, who nothing knows, and art of all unknown. What can it avail thee, to be talked of, whilst thou art not? Consider in what bounds our fame is confined, how narrow the lists are of human glory, and the furthest she can stretch her wings. This globe of the earth which seemeth huge to us, in respect of the universe, and compared with that wide pavilion of heaven, is less than little, of no sensible quality, and but as a point; for the horizon, which boundeth our sight, divideth the heaven as in two halves, having always six of the Zodiac signs above,

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and as many under it, which if the earth had any quantity compared to it, it could not do. More, if the earth were not as a point, the stars could not still in all parts of it appear to us of a like greatness; for where the earth raised itself in mountains, we being more near to heaven, they would appear to us of a greater quantity; and where it is humbled in valleys, we being further distant they would seem unto us less; but the stars in all parts of the earth appearing of a like greatness, and to every part of it the heaven imparting to our sight the half of its inside, we must avouch it to be but as a point. Well did one compare it to an

60 A CYPRESS GROVE.

ant-hill, and men, the inhabitants, to so many pismires and grasshoppers, in the toil and variety of their diversified studies. Now of this small indivisible thing, thus compared, how much is covered with waters? How much not at all discovered? How much uninhabited and desert? And how many millions of millions are they, which share the remnant amongst them, in languages, customs, and divine rites, differing, and all almost to others unknown? But let it be granted that glory and fame are some great matter, and can reach heaven itself, since they are oft buried with the honoured, and pass away in so fleet a revolution

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of time, what great good can they have in them? How is not glory temporal, if it increase with years and depend on time? Then imagine me (for what cannot imagination reach unto?) one could be famous in all times to come, and over the whole world present; yet shall he ever be obscure and ignoble to those mighty ones, which were only heretofore esteemed famous amongst the Assyrians, Persians, Romans. Again, the vain affectation of man is so suppressed, that though his works abide some space, the worker is unknown: the huge Egyptian Pyramids, and that grot in Pausilipo, though they have wrestled with time, and

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and worn upon the waste of days ;
yet are their authors no more
known, than it is known by what
strange earth-quakes, and deluges,
isles were divided from the conti-
nent ; or hills bursted forth of the
valleys. Days, months, and years,
are swallowed up in the great gulph
of time (which puts out the eyes
of all their glory) and only a fa-
tal oblivion remains ; of so many
ages past, we may well figure to
ourselves some likely appearances,
but can affirm little certainty.

But, my soul ! what ails thee to
be thus backward and astonished
at the remembrance of death,
since it doth not reach thee, more
than darkness doth those far-shin-

A CYPRESS GROVE. 63

ing lamps above? Rouse thyself for shame; why shouldst thou fear to be without a body, since thy maker, and the spiritual and super-celestial inhabitants, have no bodies? Hast thou ever seen any prisoner, who, when the jail-gates were broken up, and he enfranchised and set loose, would rather complain and sit still in his fetters, than seek his freedom? or any mariner, who, in the midst of storms arriving near the shore, would launch forth again into the main, rather than strike sail, and joyfully enter the leas of a safe harbour? If thou rightly know thyself, thou hast but small cause of anguish; for if there be any re-

64 A CYPRESS GROVE.

semblance, of that which is infinite, in what is finite, (which yet by an infinite imperfection is from it distant) if thou be not an image, thou art a shadow of that unsearchable trinity, in thy three essential powers, understanding, will, memory; which, though three, are in thee but one, and abiding one, are distinctly three: but in nothing more comest thou near that sovereign good, than by thy perpetuity, which who strive to disprove, by that same do prove it: like those that by arguing themselves to be without reason, by the very arguing shew how they have some. For, how can what is wholly mortal more know what is immortal,

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than the eye can know sounds, or the ear question about colours; if none had eyes, who would ever dispute of light or colours; and if all were deaf, who would descant of music? To thee nothing in this visible world is comparable; thou art so wonderful a beauty, and so beautiful a wonder, that if but once thou couldst be gazed upon by bodily eyes, every heart would be inflamed with thy love, and ravished from all servile baseness and earthly desires. Thy being depends not on matter; hence, by thine understanding, dost thou dive into the being of every other thing; and therein art so pregnant, that nothing by place, similitude, sub-

66 A CYPRESS GROVE.

ject, or time, is so conjoined, which thou canst not separate; as what neither is, nor any way can exist, thou canst feign, and give an abstract being unto. Thou seemest a world in thy self, containing heaven, stars, seas, earth, floods, mountains, forests, and all that liveth; yet rests thou not satiated with what is thyself, nor with all in the wide universe (because thou knowest their defects) until thou raise thyself to the contemplation of that first illuminating intelligence far above time, and even reaching eternity itself, into which thou art transformed; for by receiving, thou (beyond all other things) art made that which thou

receivest. The more thou knowest, the more apt thou art to know, not being amazed with any object that excelleth in predominance, as sense by objects sensible. Thy will is uncompellible, resisting force, daunting necessity, despising danger; triumphing over affliction, unmoved by pity, and not constrained by all the toils and disasters of life. What the art-master of this universe is in governing this universe, thou art in the body; and as he is wholly in every part of it, so art thou wholly in every part of the body. Like unto a mirror, every small parcel of which apart doth represent and do the same what the whole did.

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did intire and together. By thee man is that Hymen of eternal and mortal things; that chain together binding unbodied and bodily substances, without which the goodly fabric of this world were imperfect. Thou hast not thy beginning from the fecundity, power, nor action of the elemental qualities, being an immediate master-piece of that great maker. Hence hast thou the forms and figures of all things imprinted in thee from thy first original. Thou only at once art capable of contraries; of the three parts of time, thou makest but one. Thou knowest thyself so separate, absolute, and diverse an essence from thy body, that thou

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art dispossessed of it as it pleaseth thee, for in thee there is no passion so weak which mastereth not the fear of leaving it. Thou shouldst be so far from repining at this separation, that it should be the chief of thy desires; since it is the passage, and means to attain thy perfection and happiness. Thou art here but as in an infected and leprous inn, plunged in a flood of humours, oppressed with cares, suppressed with ignorance, defiled and distained with vice, retrograde in the course of virtue; small things seem here great unto thee, and great things small, folly appeareth wisdom, and wisdom folly. Freed of thy fleshly care,

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thou shalt rightly discern the beauty of thyself, and have perfect fruition of that all-sufficient and all-sufficing happiness, which is God himself; to whom thou owest thy being, to him thou owest thy well-being. He and happiness are the same. For, if God had not happiness, he were not God, because happiness is the highest and greatest good. If then God have happiness, it cannot be a thing differing from him; for if there were any thing in him, differing from him, he should be an essence composed and not simple: more, what is differing in any thing, is either an accident, or a part itself: in God happiness

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cannot be an accident, because he is not subject to any accidents; if it were a part of him (since the part is before the whole) we should be forced to grant, that some thing was before God. Bedded and bathed in these earthly ordures thou canst not come near this sovereign good, nor have any glimpse of the afar-off dawning of his inaccessible brightness, no not so much as the eyes of the birds of the night have of the sun. Think then by death, that thy shell is broken, and thou then but even hatched, that thou art a pearl, raised from thy mother, to be enchaced in gold, and that the death-day of thy body is thy birth-day to eternity.

Why shouldst thou be fear-strucken and discomforted for thy parting from this mortal bride thy body, since it is but for a time, and such a time, as she shall not care for, nor feel any thing in, nor thou have much need of her? Nay, since thou shalt receive her again, more goodly and beautiful, than when in her fullest perfection thou enjoyed her, being by her absence made like unto that Indian chrystal, which, after some revolutions of ages, is turned into purest diamond. If the soul be the form of the body, and the form, separated from the matter of it, cannot ever so continue, but is inclined, and disposed to be reunited

thereunto; what can let and hinder this desire, but that sometime it be accomplished, and obtaining the expected end, rejoin itself again unto the body? The soul separate hath a desire, because it hath a will, and knows it shall by this reunion receive perfection: as the matter is disposed, and inclineth to its form when it is without it, so would it seem that the form should be towards its matter in the absence of it. How, is not the soul the form of the body, since by it, it is, and is the beginning and cause of all the actions and functions of it? For, though in excellency it pass every other form, yet doth not that excellency take from

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it the nature of a form. If the abiding of the soul from the body be violent, then can it not be everlasting, but have a regress. How is not such an estate of being and abiding not violent to the soul, if it be natural to it to be in matter, and separate, after a strange manner, many of the powers and faculties of it (which never leave it) are not duly exercised? This union seemeth not above the horizon of natural reason, far less impossible to be done by God; and though reason cannot evidently here demonstrate, yet hath she a misty and groping notice. If the body shall not arise, how can the only and sovereign good be perfectly

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and infinitely good? For, how shall he be just, nay, have so much justice as man, if he suffer the evil and vicious, to have a more prosperous life, than the followers of religion and virtue; which ordinarily useth to fall forth in this life? For the most wicked are lords and gods of this earth, sleeping in the lee port of honour, as if the spacious habitation of the world had been made only for them; and the virtuous and good are but forelorn cast-aways, floating in the surges of distress, seeming here either of the eye of providence not pitied, or not regarded: being subject to all dishonours, wrongs, and wracks; in their best estate, pas-

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sing away their days (like the daisies in the field) in silence and contempt. Since then he is most good, and most just, of necessity there must be appointed by him another time and place of retribution, in which there shall be a reward for living well, and a punishment for doing evil, with a life wherein both shall receive their due; and not only in their souls divested. For, since both the parts of man did act a part in the right or wrong, it carrieth great reason with it, that they both be arraigned before that high justice, to receive their own: man is not a soul only, but a soul and body, to which either guerdon or punish-

ment is due. This seemeth to be the voice of nature in almost all the religions of the world; this is that general testimony, character'd in the minds of the most barbarous and savage people; for all have had some roving guesses at ages to come, and a dim dusky light of another life, all appealing to one general-judgement-throne. To what else could serve so many expiations, sacrifices, prayers, solemnities and mystical ceremonies? To what such sumptuous temples, and care of the dead? To what all religion, if not to shew that they expected a more excellent manner of being, after the navigation of this life did take an end? And who doth deny

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it, must deny that there is a providence, and a God; confess that his worship, and all study and reason of virtue are vain; and not believe that there is a world, are creatures, and that he himself is what he is.

As those images were portraited in my mind, (the morning star now almost arising in the east) I found my thoughts in a mild and quiet calm; and not long after, my senses, one by one forgetting their uses, began to give themselves over to rest, leaving me in a still and peaceable sleep; if sleep it may be called, where the mind awaking is carried with free wings from our fleshly bondage: for heavy lids had not long covered their lights,

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when I thought, nay, sure I was, where I might discern all in this great *All*, the large compass of the rolling circles, the brightness and continual motion of those rubies of the night, which (by their distance) here below cannot be perceived; the silver-countenance of the wandering moon, shining by another's light, the hanging of the earth, as environed with a girdle of chrystal; the sun enthronized in the midst of the planets, eye of the heavens, and gem of this precious ring the world. But whilst with wonder and amazement I gazed on those celestial splendors, and the beaming lamps of that glorious temple, like a poor

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country man brought from his solitary mountains and flocks, to behold the magnificence of some great city, there was presented to my sight a man, as in the spring of his years, with that self-same grace, comely feature, and majestic look, which the late [PRINCE HENRY*] was wont to have; on whom I had no sooner set mine eyes, when (like one planet-strucken) I became amazed:

but

* This, and two or three places more, included in crotchets, in different characters, are not in any of the former impressions, but left blank. They are supplied here from an old manuscript copy of good authority. It would appear that the sudden death of that excellent and promising prince gave occasion to our author of writing this discourse.

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but he, with a mild demeanour, and voice surpassing all human sweetness, appeared (methought) to say.

What is it doth thus anguish and trouble thee? Is it the remembrance of death, the last period of wretchedness, and entry to these happy places; the lantern which lighteneth men to see the mystery of the blessedness of spirits, and that glory which transcendeth the curtain of things visible! Is thy fortune below on that dark globe (which scarce by the smallness of it appeareth here) so great, that thou art heart-broken and dejected to leave it? What if thou wert to leave behind thee a [*kingdom*] so glorious in the eye

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of the world (yet but a mote of dust encircled with a pond) as that of mine, so loving [*subjects,*] such great hopes? these had been apparent occasions of lamenting; and but apparent. Dost thou think thou leavest life too soon? Death is best young. Things fair and excellent are not of long endurance upon earth. Who liveth well liveth long. Souls, most beloved of their maker, are soonest relieved from their bleeding cares of life, and most swiftly wafted through the surges of human miseries. Opinion, that great enchantress and poiser of things, not as they are, but as they seem, hath not in any thing more, than in the

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conceit of death, abused man; who must not measure himself, and esteem his estate, after his earthly being, which is but as a dream: for, though he be born on the earth, he is not born for the earth, more than the embryo for the mother's womb. It complaineth to be delivered of its bands, and to come to the light of this world; and man bewaileth to be loosed from the chains with which he is fettered in that valley of vanities. It nothing knoweth whither it is to go, nor ought of the beauty of the visible works of God; neither doth man of the magnificence of the intellectual world above, unto which (as by a mid-

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wife) he is directed by death. Fools! which think that this fair and admirable frame, so variously disposed, so rightly marshalled, so strongly maintained, enriched with so many excellencies, not only for necessity, but for ornament and delight, was by that supreme wisdom brought forth, that all things, in a circular course, should be and not be, arise and dissolve, and thus continue: as if they were so many shadows cast out, and caused by the encountering of these superior celestial bodies, changing only their fashion and shape, or fantastical imageries, or prints of faces, into chrystal. No no, the eternal wisdom hath made man an excel-

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lent creature, though he fain would un-make himself, and return to nothing: and though he seek his felicity among the reasonless wights, he hath fixed it above. He brought him into this world, as a master to a sumptuous, well-ordered and furnished inn, a prince to a populous and rich empire, a pilgrim and spectator to a stage full of delightful wonders, and wonderful delights. Look how some emperor or great king on the earth, when he hath raised any stately city, the work being atchieved, is wont to set his image in the midst of it, to be admired and gazed upon: no otherwise did the sovereign of this all, the fabric of it

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being perfected, place man (a great miracle) formed to his own pattern, in the midst of this spacious and admirable city, by the divine splendor of his reason to be the interpreter and trunchman of his creation, and admired and revered by all his other creatures. God containeth all in him as the beginning of all; man containeth all in him as the midst of all; inferior things are in man more nobly than they exist; superior things more meanly; celestial things favour him; earthly things are vassalled unto him; he is the bond of both, neither is it possible but that both of them have peace with man, if man have peace with him, who

made the covenant between them and him. He was made, that he might, in the glass of the world, behold the infinite goodness, power and glory of his maker, and beholding know, and knowing love, and loving enjoy; and hold the earth of him, as of his Lord Paramount; never ceasing to remember and praise him. It exceedeth the compass of conceit, to think that that wisdom, which made every thing so orderly in the parts, should make a confusion in the whole, and the chief master-piece; that bringing forth so many excellencies for man, it should bring forth man for baseness and misery. And no less strange were it, that

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so long life should be given to trees, beasts, and the birds of the air, creatures inferior to man, which have less use of it, and which cannot judge of this goodly fabric, and that it should be denied to man; unless there were another manner of living prepared for him, in a place more noble and excellent.

But alas! (said I) had it not been better, that, for the good of his native country, a [PRINCE] endued with so many peerless gifts, had yet lived? How long will ye (replied he) like the ants, think there are no fairer palaces, than their hills; or like to purblind moles, no greater light, than that

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little which they shun? As if the master of a camp knew when to remove a centinel, and he, who placeth man on the earth, knew not how long he had need of him? Life is a government and office, wherein man is so long continued, as it pleaseth the installer; of the administration and charge of which, and what hath past during the time of his residence, he must render an account, so soon as his term expir-eth, and he hath made room for others. Every one cometh there to act his part of this tragi-comedy, called life, which done, the curtain is drawn, and he removing is said to die. As men's bodies differ in stature, so do they

vary in that length of time, which is appointed for them to live upon the earth. That providence, which prescribeth causes to every event, hath not only determined a definite and certain number of days, but of actions, to all men, which they cannot go beyond.

Most [*Venerable*] then answered I, death is not such an evil and pain, as it is of the vulgar esteemed. Death (said he) nor painful is, nor evil, except in contemplation of the cause, being of itself, as indifferent as birth: yet can it not be denied, but amidst those dreams of earthly pleasures, the uncouthness of it, with the wrong apprehension of what is unknown in it,

are noisome. But the soul sustained by it's maker, resolved, and calmly retired into itself, doth find that death (since it is in a moment of time) is but a short, nay, sweet sigh; and is not worthy the remembrance, compared with the smallest dram of the infinite felicity of this place. Here is the palace royal of the almighty king, in which the Incomprehensible comprehensibly manifesteth himself; in place highest; in substance not subject to any corruption or change; for it is above all motion, and being solid turneth not; in quantity greatest; for, if one star, one sphere, be so vast, how large, how huge in exceeding di-

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menfions, muft thofe bounds be, which do them all contain? In quality moft pure, and orient; heaven here is all but a fun, or the fun all but a heaven. If to earthlings, the foot-ftool of God, and that ftage which he raifed for a fmall courfe of time, feemeth fo glorious and magnificent, what e-ftimation would they make, if they could fee his eternal habitation and throne? And, if thefe be fo wonderful, what is the fight of him, for whom and by whom all was created? of whofe glory to behold the thoufand thoufandth part, the moft pure intelligences are fully fatiated, and with wonder and delight reft amazed; for the beau-

ty of his light, and the light of his beauty are incomprehensible! Here doth that earnest appetite of the understanding content itself, not seeking to know any more: for it seeth before it, in the vision of the divine essence, (a mirror in which not images or shadows, but the true and perfect essence of every thing created, is more clear and conspicuous, than in itself) all that may be known or understood: and whereas on earth our senses show us the creator by his creatures, here we see the creatures by the creator. Here doth the will pause itself, as in the center of its eternal rest, glowing with a fervent affection of that infinite and all-suf-

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ficient good; which being fully known, cannot (for all the infinite motives and causes of love which are in him) but be fully and perfectly loved: as he is only the true and essential bounty, so is he the only essential and true beauty, deserving alone all love and admiration, by which the creatures are only in so much fair and excellent, as they participate of his beauty and excelling excellencies. Here is a blessed company, every one joying as much in another's felicity, as in that which is proper, because each seeth another equally loved of God: thus their distinct joys are no fewer, than the copartners of the joy. And as the af-

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sembly is, in number, answerable to the large capacity of the place, so are the joys answerable to the numberless number of the assembly. No poor and pitiful mortal, confined to the globe of earth, who hath never seen but sorrow, or interchangeably some painted superficial pleasures, and had but guesses of contentment, can rightly think on, or be sufficient to conceive, the termless delights of this place. So many feathers move not on birds, so many birds dint not the air, so many leaves tremble not on trees, so many trees grow not in the solitary forests, so many waves turn not in the ocean, and so many grains of sand limit no

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those waves, as this triumphant court hath variety of delights, and joys exempted from all comparifon. Happinefs at once here is fully known and fully enjoyed, and as infinite in continuance as extent. Here is flourishing and never-fading youth without age, ftrength without weaknefs, beauty never blafing, knowlege without learning, abundance without loathing, peace without difturbance, participation without envy, reft without labour, light without rifing or fetting fun, perpetuity without moments; for time (which is the meafure of duration) did never enter into this fhining eternity. Ambition, difdain, malice, difference

difference of opinions, cannot approach this place. And resembling those foggy mists, which cover those lists of sublunary things, all pleasure, paragoned with what is here, is pain, all mirth mourning, all beauty deformity. Here one day's abiding is above the continuing in the most fortunate estate on the earth many years, and sufficient to countervail the extremest torments of life. But, although this blessing of souls be great, and their joys many, yet shall they admit addition, and be more full and perfect, at that long wished and general meeting with their bodies.

Amongst all the wonders of the great creator, not one appeareth

to be more wonderful, replied I, than that our bodies should arise, having suffered so many changes, and nature denying a return from privation to a habit.

Such power, said he, being above all that the understanding of man can conceive, may well work such wonders; for if man's understanding could comprehend all the secrets and councils of that eternal majesty, it must of necessity be equal unto it. The author of nature is not thrall'd to the laws of nature, but worketh with them or contrary to them, as it pleaseth him: what he hath a will to do, he hath a power to perform. To that power, which brought all

this *All* from nought, to bring again in one instant any substance which ever was in it, unto which it was once, should not be thought impossible; for who can do more can do less, and his power is no less, after that, which was by him brought forth, is decayed and vanished, than it was before it was produced; being neither restrained to certain limits, or instruments, or to any determined and definite manner of working: where the power is without restraint, the work admitteth no other limits, than the worker's will. This world is as a cabinet to God, in which the small things (however to us hid and secret) are nothing

less kept than the great. For, as he was wise and powerful to create, so doth his knowlege comprehend his own creation; yea every change and variety in it, of which it is the very source. Not any atom of the scattered dust of mankind, though daily flowing under new forms, is to him unknown: and his knowlege doth distinguish and discern, what once his power shall awake and raise up. Why may not the arts-master of the world, like a moulder, what he hath framed in divers shapes, confound into one mass, and then severally fashion them again out of the same? Can the spagyric by his art restore, for a space, to the

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dry and withered rose, the natural purple and blush ; and cannot the almighty raise and refine the body of man, after never so many alterations on the earth ? Reason herself finds it more possible for infinite power to cast out from itself a finite world, and restore any thing in it, though decayed and dissolved, to what it was first, than for man, a finite piece of reasonable misery, to change the form of matter made to his hand : the power of God never brought forth all that it can, for then were it bounded, and no more infinite. That time doth approach, o haste, yetimes ! away, in which the dead shall live, and the living be chang

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ed, and of all actions the guerdon
is at hand; then shall there be an
end without end, time shall finish,
and place shall be altered, motion
yielding unto rest, and another
world of an age eternal and un-
changeable shall arise. Which
when he had said, methought,
he vanished, and I all astonished
did awake.

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VIII. A Tractate concerning education, The
author John Milton. To which are added four
Papers on the same subject from the Spectator.

IX. Poems on several Occasions and Trans-
lations. By Nicholas Rowe Esq;

X. The Tablature of Cebes the Theban, a
Platonic philosopher, (being an allegorical
picture of human life,) Translated from the
Greek, by Samuel Boyse, A. M. Author of the
poem on deity.

XI. Miscellanies, by the most noble George
lord Saville, late marquis and earl of Halifax;
viz. I. Advice to a Daughter. II. The Character
of a Trimmer. III. The Anatomy of an Equiva-
lent. IV. A Letter to a Dissenter. V. Cautions
for Choice of Parliament-men. VI. A Rough
Draught of a new Model at sea. VII. Maxims
of state.